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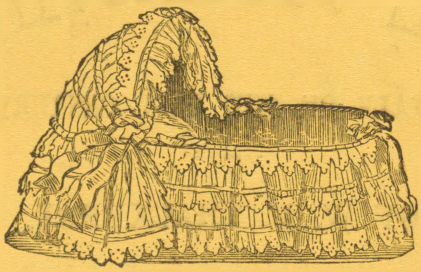

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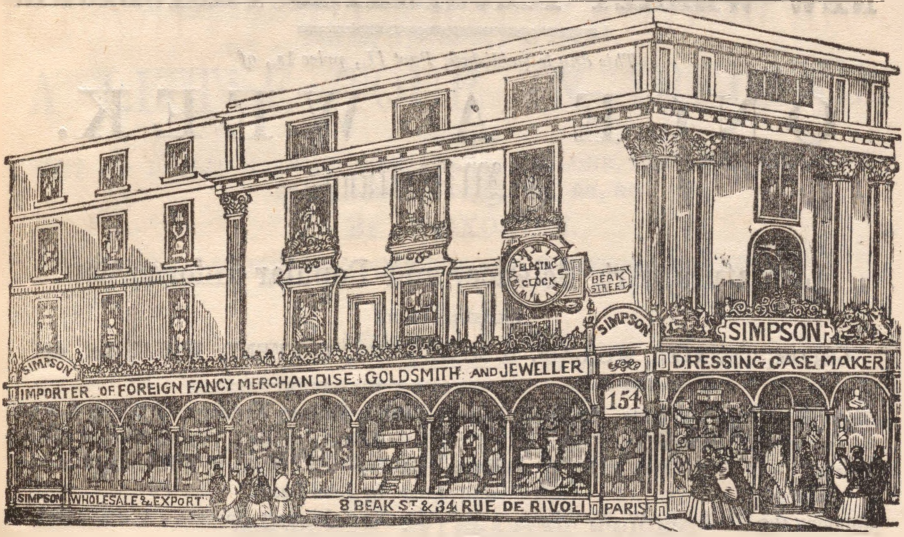

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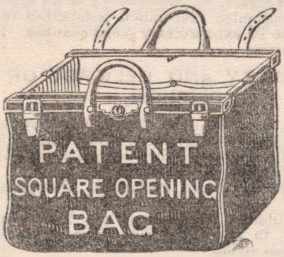

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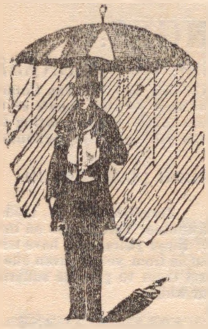

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ARBITRIUM POPULARIS AURÆ.

A Rehearsal

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LAST OF GOD SAVE THE KING.

WHAT perverse law of Fate is it, that ever places me in a minority? Should a law be proposed to hand over this realm to the Pretender of Rome, or the Grand Turk, and submit it to the new sovereign's religion, it might pass, as I should certainly be voting against it. At home in Virginia, I found myself disagreeing with everybody as usual. By the Patriots I was voted (as indeed I professed myself to be) a Tory; by the Tories I was presently declared to be a dangerous Republican. The time was utterly out of joint. O cursed spite! Ere I had been a year in Virginia, how I wished myself back by the banks of Waveney! But the aspect of affairs was so troublous, that I could not leave my mother, a lone lady, to face possible war and disaster, nor would she quit the country at such a juncture, nor should a man of spirit leave it. At his Excellency's table, and over his Excellency's plentiful claret, that point was agreed on by numbers of the well affected, that vow was vowed over countless brimming bumpers. No: it was *statue signum, signifer!* We Cavaliers would all rally round it; and at these times, our Governor talked like the bravest of the brave.

Now, I will say, of all my Virginian acquaintance, Madame Esmond was the most consistent. Our gentlefolks had come in numbers to Williamsburg; and a great number of them proposed to treat her Excellency, the Governor's lady, to a ball when the news reached us of the Boston Port Bill. Straightway the House of Burgesses adopts an indignant protest against this measure of the British Parliament, and

decrees a solemn day of fast and humiliation throughout the country, and of solemn prayer to heaven to avert the calamity of Civil War. Meanwhile, the invitation to my lady Dunmore having been already given and accepted, the gentlemen agreed that their ball should take place on the appointed evening, and then sackcloth and ashes should be assumed some days afterwards.

"A ball!" says Madam Esmond. "I go to a ball which is given by a set of rebels who are going publicly to insult His Majesty a week afterwards! I will die sooner!" And she wrote to the gentlemen who were stewards for the occasion to say, that viewing the dangerous state of the country, she, for her part, could not think of attending a ball.

What was her surprise then, the next time she went abroad in her chair, to be cheered by a hundred persons, white and black, and shouts of "Huzzah, Madam!" "Heaven bless your Ladyship!" They evidently thought her patriotism had caused her determination not to go to the ball.

Madam, that there should be no mistake, puts her head out of the chair, and cries out God save the King, as loud as she can. The people cried God save the King, too. Everybody cried God save the King in those days. On the night of that entertainment, my poor Harry, as a Burgess of the House, and one of the givers of the feast, donned his uniform red coat of Wolfe's (which he so soon was to exchange for another colour) and went off with Madam Fanny to the ball. My lady Warrington and her humble servant, as being strangers in the country, and English people as it were, were permitted by Madam to attend the assembly from which she of course absented herself. I had the honour to dance a country dance with the lady of Mount Vernon, whom I found a most lively, pretty and amiable partner; but am bound to say that my wife's praises of her were received with a very grim acceptance by my mother, when Lady Warrington came to recount the events of the evening. Could not Sir George Warrington have danced with my lady Dunmore or her daughters, or with anybody but Mrs. Washington; to be sure the Colonel thought so well of himself and his wife, that no doubt he considered her the grandest lady in the room; and she who remembered him a road surveyor at a guinea a day! Well, indeed! there was no measuring the pride of these provincial upstarts, and as for this gentleman, my lord Dunmore's partiality for him had evidently turned his head. I do not know about Mr. Washington's pride, I know that my good mother never could be got to love him or anything that was his.

She was no better pleased with him for going to the ball, than with his conduct three days afterwards. When the day of fast and humiliation was appointed, and when he attended the service which our new clergyman performed. She invited Mr. Belman to dinner that day, and sundry colonial authorities. The clergyman excused himself.

Madam Esmond tossed up her head, and said he might do as he liked. She made a parade of a dinner; she lighted her house up at night, when all the rest of the city was in darkness and gloom; she begged Mr. Hardy, one of his Excellency's aides-de-camp, to sing "God save the King," to which the people in the street outside listened, thinking that it might be a part of some religious service which Madam was celebrating; but then she called for "Britons, strike home!" which the simple young gentleman just from Europe began to perform, when a great yell arose in the street, and a large stone, flung from some rebellious hand, plumped into the punch-bowl before me, and scattered it and its contents about our dining-room.

My mother went to the window nothing daunted. I can see her rigid little figure now, as she stands with a tossed-up head, outstretched frilled arms, and the twinkling stars for a background, and sings in chorus, "Britons, strike home! strike home!" The crowd in front of the palings shout and roar, "Silence! for shame! go back!" but she will not go back, not she. "Fling more stones, if you dare!" says the brave little lady; and more might have come, but some gentlemen issuing out of the Raley Tavern interpose with the crowd. "You mustn't insult a lady," says a voice I think I know. Huzza, Colonel! Hurrah, Captain! "God bless your honour!" say the people in the street. And thus the enemies are pacified.

My mother protesting that the whole disturbance was over, would have had Mr. Hardy sing another song, but he gave a sickly grin, and said, "he really did not like to sing to such accompaniments," and the concert for that evening was ended; though I am bound to say that some scoundrels returned at night, frightened my poor wife almost out of wits, and broke every single window in the front of our tenement. "Britons strike home!" was a little too much, Madam should have contented herself with "God save the King." Militia was drilled, bullets were cast, supplies of ammunition got ready, cunning plans for disappointing the royal ordinances devised and carried out; but, to be sure, "God save the King" was the cry everywhere, and in reply to my objections to the gentlemen-patriots, "Why, you are scheming for a separation; you are bringing down upon you the inevitable wrath of the greatest power in the world!"—the answer to me always was, "We mean no separation at all; we yield to no men in loyalty; we glory in the name of Britons," and so forth, and so forth. The powder barrels were heaped in the cellar, the train was laid, but Mr. Fawkes was persistent in his dutiful petitions to King and Parliament and meant no harm, not he! 'Tis true when I spoke of the power of our country, I imagined she would exert it; that she would not expect to overcome three millions of fellow Britons on their own soil with a few battalions, a half-dozen generals from Bond Street, and a few thousand bravos hired out of Germany. As if we wanted to insult the thirteen colonies as well as to subdue them, we must set upon them these hordes of Hessians, and the murderers out of the Indian wigwams. Was our

great quarrel not to be fought without *tali auxilio* and *istis defensoribus?* Ah! 'tis easy, now we are worsted, to look over the map of the great empire wrested from us, and show how we ought not to have lost it. Long Island ought to have exterminated Washington's army; he ought never to have come out of Valley Forge except as a prisoner. The South was ours after the battle of Camden, but for the inconceivable medling of the Commander-in-Chief at New York, who paralysed the exertions of the only capable British General, who appeared during the war, and sent him into that miserable *cul-de-sac* at York Town, whence he could only issue defeated and a prisoner. O for a week more! a day more, an hour more of darkness or light! In reading over our American campaigns from their unhappy commencement to their inglorious end, now that we are able to see the enemy's movements and conditions as well as our own, I fancy we can see how an advance, a march, might have put enemies into our power who had no means to withstand it, and changed the entire issue of the struggle. But it was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, as we can now have no doubt, of both empires, that the great Western Republic should separate from us: and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable and heroic Chief above all, had the glory of facing and overcoming, not only veteran soldiers amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissentions, treason within their own camp, where all must have gone to rack, but for the pure unquenchable flame of patriotism that was for ever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistence against fortune! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him, (who has not heard the repeated sneers against "Fabius" in which his factious captains were accustomed to indulge?) but Washington the Chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement:—here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw. *Quando invenies parem?* In that more extensive work, which I have planned and partly written on the subject of this great war, I hope I have done justice to the character of its greatest leader.* And

* And I trust that in the opinions I have recorded regarding him, I have shown that I also can be just and magnanimous towards those who view me personally with no favour. For my brother Hal being at Mount Vernon, and always eager to bring me and his beloved Chief on good terms, showed his Excellency some of the early sheets of my History. General Washington (who read but few books, and had not the slightest pretensions to literary taste), remarked, "If you *will* have my opinion, my dear General, I think Sir George's projected work, from the specimen I have of it, is certain to offend both parties."—G. E. W.

this from the sheer force of respect which his eminent virtues extorted. With the young Mr. Washington of my own early days I had not the honour to enjoy much sympathy: though my brother, whose character is much more frank and affectionate than mine, was always his fast friend in early times, when they were equals, as in latter days when the General, as I do own and think, was all mankind's superior.

I have mentioned that contrariety in my disposition, and, perhaps, in my brother's, which somehow placed us on wrong sides in the quarrel which ensued, and which from this time forth raged for five years, until the mother-country was fain to acknowledge her defeat. Harry should have been the Tory, and I the Whig. Theoretically my opinions were very much more liberal than those of my brother, who, especially after his marriage, became what our Indian nabobs call a Bahadoor—a person ceremonious, stately, and exacting respect. When my Lord Dunmore, for instance, talked about liberating the negroes, so as to induce them to join the king's standard, Hal was for hanging the Governor and the Black Guards (as he called them) whom his Excellency had crimped. "If you gentlemen are fighting for freedom," says I, "sure the negroes may fight, too." On which Harry roars out, shaking his fist, "Infernal villains, if I meet any of 'em, they shall die by this hand!" And my mother agreed that this idea of a negro insurrection was the most abominable and parricidal notion which had ever sprung up in her unhappy country. She at least was more consistent than Brother Hal. She would have black and white obedient to the powers that be: whereas Hal only could admit that freedom was the right of the latter colour.

As a proof of her argument, Madam Esmond and Harry too would point to an instance in our own family in the person of Mr. Gumbo. Having got his freedom from me, as a reward for his admirable love and fidelity to me when times were hard, Gumbo, on his return to Virginia, was scarce a welcome guest in his old quarters, amongst my mother's servants. He was free, and they were not: he was, as it were, a centre of insurrection. He gave himself no small airs of protection and consequence amongst them; bragging of his friends in Europe, ("at home," as he called it) and his doings there; and for a while bringing the household round about him to listen to him and admire him, like the monkey who had seen the world. Now, Sady, Hal's boy, who went to America of his own desire, was not free. Hence jealousies between him and Mr. Gum; and battles, in which they both practised the noble art of boxing and butting, which they had learned at Marybone Gardens and Hockley-in-the-Hole. Nor was Sady the only jealous person: almost all my mother's servants hated Signor Gumbo for the airs which he gave himself; and I am sorry to say, that our faithful Molly, his wife, was as jealous as his old fellow-servants. The blacks could not pardon her for having demeaned herself so far as to marry one of their kind. She met with no respect, could exercise no authority, came to her mistress with ceaseless complaints of the idle-

ness, knavery, lies, stealing of the black people; and finally with a story of jealousy against a certain Dinah, or Diana, who I heartily trust was as innocent as her namesake the moonlight visitant of Endymion. Now, on the article of morality Madam Esmond was a very Draconess; and a person accused was a person guilty. She made charges against Mr. Gumbo to which he replied with asperity. Forgetting that he was a free gentleman, my mother now ordered Gumbo to be whipped, on which Molly flew at her ladyship, all her wrath at her husband's infidelity vanishing at the idea of the indignity put upon him; there was a rebellion in our house at Castlewood. A quarrel took place between me and my mother, as I took my man's side. Hal and Fanny sided with her, on the contrary; and in so far the difference did good, as it brought about some little intimacy between Madam and her younger children. This little difference was speedily healed; but it was clear that the Standard of Insurrection must be removed out of our house; and we determined that Mr. Gumbo and his lady should return to Europe.

My wife and I would willingly have gone with them, God wot, for our boy sickened and lost his strength, and caught the fever in our swampy country; but at this time she was expecting to lie in (of our son Henry) and she knew, too, that I had promised to stay in Virginia. It was agreed that we should send the two back; but when I offered Theo to go, she said her place was with her husband;—her father and Hetty at home would take care of our children; and she scarce would allow me to see a tear in her eyes whilst she was making her preparations for the departure of her little ones. Dost thou remember the time, Madam, and the silence round the work-tables, as the piles of little shirts are made ready for the voyage? and the stealthy visits to the children's chambers whilst they are asleep and yet with you? and the terrible time of parting, as our barge with the servants and children rows to the ship, and you stand on the shore? Had the Prince of Wales been going on that voyage, he could not have been better provided. Where, sirrah, is the Tompion watch your grandmother gave you? and how did you survive the boxes of cakes which the good lady stowed away in your cabin?

The ship which took out my poor Theo's children, returned with the Reverend Mr. Hagan and my lady Maria on board, who meekly chose to resign her rank, and was known in the colony (which was not to be a colony very long) only as Mrs. Hagan. At the time when I was in favour with my lord Dunmore, a living falling vacant in Westmoreland county, he gave it to our kinsman, who arrived in Virginia time enough to christen our boy Henry, and to preach some sermons on the then gloomy state of affairs, which Madam Esmond pronounced to be prodigious fine. I think my lady Maria won Madam's heart by insisting on going out of the room after her. "My father, your brother, was an earl, 'tis true," says she, "but you know your ladyship is a marquis's daughter, and I never can think of taking precedence of you!" So fond

did Madam become of her niece, that she even allowed Hagan to read plays—my own humble compositions amongst others—and was fairly forced to own that there was merit in the tragedy of Pocahontas, which our parson delivered with uncommon energy and fire.

Hal and his wife came but rarely to Castlewood and Richmond when the chaplain and his lady were with us. Fanny was very curt and rude with Maria, used to giggle and laugh strangely in her company, and repeatedly remind her of her age, to our mother's astonishment, who would often ask, was there any cause of quarrel between her niece and her daughter-in-law? I kept my own counsel on these occasions, and was often not a little touched by the meekness with which the elder lady bore her persecutions. Fanny loved to torture her in her husband's presence (who, poor fellow, was also in a happy ignorance about his wife's early history) and the other bore her agony, wincing as little as might be. I sometimes would remonstrate with Madam Harry, and ask her was she a red Indian, that she tortured her victims so? "Have not I had torture enough in my time?" says the young lady, and looked as though she was determined to pay back the injuries inflicted on her.

"Nay," says I, "you were bred in our wigwam, and I don't remember anything but kindness!"

"Kindness!" cries she. "No slave was ever treated as I was. The blows which wound most, often are those which never are aimed. The people who hate us are not those we have injured."

I thought of little Fanny in our early days, silent, smiling, willing to run and do all our biddings for us, and I grieved for my poor brother, who had taken this sly creature into his bosom.

CHAPTER XL.

YANKEE DOODLE COMES TO TOWN.

ONE of the uses to which we put America in the days of our British dominion was to make it a refuge for our sinners. Besides convicts and assigned servants whom we transported to our colonies, we discharged on their shores scapegraces and younger sons, for whom dissipation, despair, and bailiffs made the old country uninhabitable. And as Mr. Cook, in his voyages, made his newly-discovered islanders presents of English animals (and other specimens of European civilisation), we used to take care to send samples of our *black sheep* over to the colonies, there to browse as best they might, and propagate their precious breed. I myself was perhaps a little guilty in this matter, in busying myself to find a living in America for the worthy Hagan, husband of my kinswoman,—at least was guilty in so far as this, that as we could get him no employment in England, we were glad to ship him to Virginia, and give him a colonial pulpit-cushion to thump. He demeaned himself there as a brave honest

gentleman, to be sure; he did his duty thoroughly by his congregation, and his king too; and in so far did credit to my small patronage. Madam Theo used to urge this when I confided to her my scruples of conscience on this subject, and show, as her custom was and is, that my conduct in this, as in all other matters, was dictated by the highest principle of morality and honour. But would I have given Hagan our living at home, and selected him and his wife to minister to our parish? I fear not. I never had a doubt of our cousin's sincere repentance; but I think I was secretly glad when she went to work it out in the wilderness. And I say this, acknowledging my pride and my error. Twice, when I wanted them most, this kind Maria aided me with her sympathy and friendship. She bore her own distresses courageously, and soothed those of others with admirable affection and devotion. And yet I, and some of mine (not Theo), *would* look down upon her. Oh, for shame, for shame on our pride!

My poor Lady Maria was not the only one of our family who was to be sent out of the way to American wildernesses. Having borrowed, stolen, cheated at home, until he could cheat, borrow and steal no more, the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, was accommodated with a place at New York; and his noble brother and royal master heartily desired that they might see him no more. When the troubles began, we heard of the fellow and his doings in his new habitation. Lies and mischief were his *avant couriers* wherever he travelled. My lord Dunmore informed me that Mr. Will declared publicly, that our estate of Castlewood was only ours during his brother's pleasure; that his father, out of consideration for Madam Esmond, his lordship's half-sister, had given her the place for life, and that he, William, was in negotiation with his brother, the present Lord Castlewood, for the purchase of the reversion of the estate! We had the deed of gift in our strong room at Castlewood, and it was furthermore registered in due form at Williamsburg; so that we were easy on that score. But the intention was everything; and Hal and I promised, as soon as ever we met Mr. William, to get from him a confirmation of this pretty story. What Madam Esmond's feelings and expressions were when she heard it, I need scarcely here particularise. "What! my father, the Marquis of Esmond was a liar, and I am a cheat, am I?" cries my mother. "He will take my son's property at my death, will he?" And she was for writing, not only to Lord Castlewood in England, but to His Majesty himself at St. James's, and was only prevented by my assurances that Mr. Will's lies were notorious amongst all his acquaintance, and that we could not expect, in our own case, that he should be so inconsistent as to tell the truth. We heard of him presently as one of the loudest amongst the Loyalists in New York, as Captain, and presently Major of a corps of volunteers who were sending their addresses to the well-disposed in all the other colonies, and announcing their perfect readiness to die for the mother country.

We could not lie in a house without a whole window, and closing

the shutters of that unlucky mansion we had hired at Williamsburg, Madam Esmond left our little capital, and my family returned to Richmond, which also was deserted by the members of the (dissolved) assembly. Captain Hal and his wife returned pretty early to their plantation; and I, not a little annoyed at the course which events were taking, divided my time pretty much between my own family and that of our Governor, who professed himself very eager to have my advice and company. There were the strongest political differences, but as yet no actual personal quarrel. Even after the dissolution of our House of Assembly, (the members of which adjourned to a tavern, and there held that famous meeting where, I believe the idea of a congress of all the colonies was first proposed), the gentlemen who were strongest in opposition remained good friends with his Excellency, partook of his hospitality, and joined him in excursions of pleasure. The session over, the gentry went home and had meetings in their respective counties; and the Assemblies in most of the other provinces having been also abruptly dissolved, it was agreed everywhere that a general congress should be held. Philadelphia, as the largest and most important city on our continent, was selected as the place of meeting; and those celebrated conferences began, which were but the angry preface of war. We were still at God save the King; we were still presenting our humble petitions to the throne; but when I went to visit my brother Harry at Fanny's Mount (his new plantation lay not far from ours, but with Rappahannock between us, and towards Mattaponey River), he rode out on business one morning, and I in the afternoon happened to ride too, and was told by one of the grooms that Master was gone towards Willis's Ordinary; in which direction, thinking no harm, I followed. And upon a clear place not far from Willis's, as I advance out of the wood, I come on Captain Hal on horseback, with three or four-and-thirty countrymen round about him, armed with every sort of weapon, pike, scythe, fowling-piece, and musket; and the Captain, with two or three likely young fellows as officers under him, putting the men through their exercise. As I rode up a queer expression comes over Hal's face. "Present arms!" says he (and the army tries to perform the salute as well they could), "Captain Cade, this is my brother, Sir George Warrington."

"As a relation of yours, *Colonel*," says the individual addressed as captain, "the gentleman is welcome," and he holds out a hand accordingly.

"And—and a true friend to Virginia," says Hal, with a reddening face.

"Yes, please God! gentlemen," say I, on which the regiment gives a hearty huzzay for the Colonel and his brother. The drill over, the officers, and the men too, were for adjourning to Willis's and taking some refreshment, but Colonel Hal said he could not drink with them that afternoon, and we trotted homewards together.

"So Hal, the cat's out of the bag!" I said.

He gave me a hard look. "I guess there's wilder cats in it. It must come to this, George. I say, you musn't tell Madam," he adds.

"Good God!" I cried, "do you mean that with fellows such as those I saw yonder, you and your friends are going to make fight against the greatest nation and the best army in the world?"

"I guess we shall get an awful whipping," says Hal, "and that's the fact. But then, George," he added, with his sweet kind smile, "we are young, and a whipping or two may do us good. Won't it do us good, Dolly, you old slut?" and he gives a playful touch with his whip to an old dog of *all trades*, that was running by him.

I did not try to urge upon him (I had done so in vain many times previously) our British side of the question, the side which appears to me to be the best. He was accustomed to put off my reasons by saying, "All mighty well, brother, you speak as an Englishman, and have cast in your lot with your country, as I have with mine." To this argument I own there is no answer, and all that remains for the disputants is to fight the matter out, when the strongest is in the right. Which had the right in the wars of the last century? The king or the parliament? The side that was uppermost was the right, and on the whole much more humane in their victory than the Cavaliers would have been had they won. Nay, suppose we Tories had won the day in America; how frightful and bloody that triumph would have been! What ropes and scaffolds one imagines, what noble heads laid low! A strange feeling this, I own; I was on the Loyalist side, and yet wanted the Whigs to win. My brother Hal, on the other hand, who distinguished himself greatly with his regiment, never allowed a word of disrespect against the enemy whom he opposed. "The officers of the British army," he used to say, "are gentlemen: at least, I have not heard that they are very much changed since my time. There may be scoundrels and ruffians amongst the enemy's troops; I daresay we could find some such amongst our own. Our business is to beat His Majesty's forces, not call them names;—any rascal can do that." And from a name which Mr. Lee gave my brother, and many of his rough horsemen did not understand, Harry was often called "Chevaleer Baird" in the Continental army. He was a knight, indeed, without fear and without reproach.

As for the argument, "What could such people as those you were drilling do against the British army?" Hal had as confident answer.

"They can beat them," says he, "Mr. George, that's what they can do."

"Great heavens!" I cry, "do you mean with your company of Wolfe's you would hesitate to attack five hundred such?"

"With my company of the 67th, I would go anywhere. And, agreed with you, that at this present moment I know more of soldiering than they;—but place me on that open ground where you found us, armed as you please, and half-a-dozen of my friends, with rifles, in the woods

round about me; which would get the better? You know best, Mr. Braddock's aide-de-camp!"

There was no arguing with such a determination as this. "Thou knowest my way of thinking, Hal," I said; "and having surprised you at your work, I must tell my lord what I have seen."

"Tell him, of course. You have seen our county militia exercising. You will see as much in every colony from here to the Saint Lawrence or Georgia. As I am an old soldier, they have elected me colonel. What more natural? Come, brother, let us trot on; dinner will be ready, and Mrs. Fan does not like me to keep it waiting." And so we made for his house, which was open like all the houses of our Virginian gentlemen, and where not only every friend and neighbour, but every stranger and traveller, was sure to find a welcome.

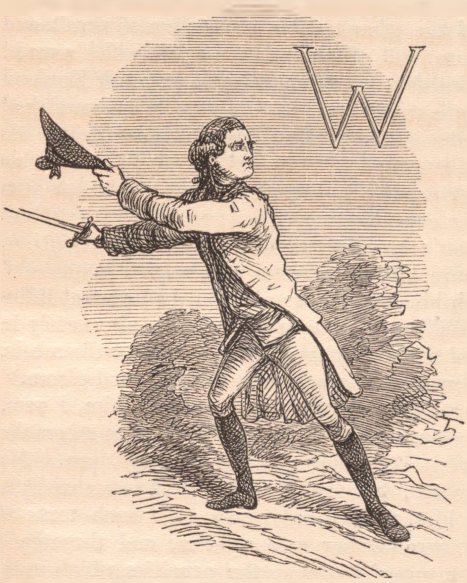
"So, Mrs. Fan," I said, "I have found out what game my brother has been playing."

"I trust the Colonel will have plenty of sport ere long," says she, with a toss of her head.

My wife thought Harry had been hunting, and I did not care to undeceive her, though what I had seen and he had told me, made me naturally very anxious.

CHAPTER XLI.

A COLONEL WITHOUT A REGIMENT.



WHEN my visit to my brother was concluded, and my wife and young child had returned to our maternal house at Richmond, I made it my business to go over to our Governor, then at his country house, near Williamsburg, and confer with him regarding these open preparations for war, which were being made not only in our own province, but in every one of the colonies as far as we could learn. Gentlemen, with whose names history has since made all the world familiar, were appointed from Virginia as Delegates to the General Congress about to be held in Philadelphia. In Massachusetts the people and the Royal troops were facing each other almost in open hostility: in Maryland and Pennsylvania we flattered ourselves that a much more loyal spirit was prevalent: in the Carolinas and Georgia the mother country could reckon upon staunch adherents, and a great majority of the inhabitants: and it never was to be supposed that our own Virginia would forego its ancient loyalty. We had but few troops in the province, but its gentry were proud of their descent from the Cavaliers of the old times: and round about our Governor were swarms of loud and confident Loyalists who were only eager for the moment when they might draw the sword, and scatter the rascally rebels before them. Of course, in these meetings I was forced to hear many a hard word against my poor Harry. His wife, all agreed (and not without good reason, perhaps),

had led him to adopt these extreme anti-British opinions which he had of late declared; and he was infatuated by his attachment to the gentleman of Mount Vernon, it was farther said, whose opinions my brother always followed, and who, day by day, was committing himself farther in the dreadful and desperate course of resistance. "This is your friend," the people about his Excellency said, "this is the man you favoured, who has had your special confidence, and who has repeatedly shared your hospitality!" It could not but be owned much of this was true: though what some of our eager Loyalists called treachery, was indeed rather a proof of the longing desire Mr. Washington and other gentlemen had, not to withdraw from their allegiance to the Crown, but to remain faithful, and exhaust the very last chance of reconciliation, before they risked the other terrible alternative of revolt and separation. Let traitors arm, and villains draw the parricidal sword! We at least would remain faithful; the unconquerable power of England would be exerted, and the misguided and ungrateful provinces punished and brought back to their obedience. With what cheers we drank his Majesty's health ofter our banquets! We would die in defence of his rights; we would have a Prince of his Royal house to come and govern his ancient dominions! In consideration of my own and my excellent mother's loyalty, my brother's benighted conduct should be forgiven. Was it yet too late to secure him by offering him a good command? Would I not intercede with him, who, it was known, had a great influence over him? In our Williamsburg councils we were alternately in every state of exaltation and triumph, of hope, of fury against the rebels, of anxious expectancy of home succour, of doubt, distrust, and gloom.

I promised to intercede with my brother; and wrote to him, I own, with but little hope of success, repeating, and trying to strengthen the arguments which I had many a time used in our conversations. My mother too, used her authority; but from this, I own, I expected little advantage. She assailed him, as her habit was, with such texts of Scripture as she thought bore out her own opinion, and threatened punishment to him. She menaced him with the penalties which must fall upon those who were disobedient to the powers that be. She pointed to his elder brother's example; and hinted, I fear, at his subjection to his wife, the very worst argument she could use in such a controversy. She did not show me her own letter to him; possibly she knew I might find fault with the energy of some of the expressions she thought proper to employ; but she showed me his answer, from which I gathered what the style and tenor of her argument had been. And if Madam Esmond brought Scripture to her aid, Mr. Hal, to my surprise, brought scores of texts to bear upon her in reply, and addressed her in a very neat, temperate, and even elegant composition, which I thought his wife herself was scarcely capable of penning. Indeed, I found he had enlisted the services of Mr. Belman, the New Richmond clergyman, who had taken up strong opinions on the Whig side, and who preached and printed sermons against Hagan, who, as

I have said was of our faction, in which I fear Belman had the best of the dispute.

My exhortations to Hal had no more success than our mother's. He did not answer my letters. Being still farther pressed by the friends of the Government, I wrote over most imprudently to say I would visit him at the end of the week at Fanny's Mount; but on arriving, I only found my sister, who received me with perfect cordiality, but informed me that Hal was gone into the country, ever so far towards the Blue Mountains to look at some horses, and was to be away—she did not know how long he was to be away!

I knew then there was no hope. "My dear," I said, "as far as I can judge from the signs of the times, the train that has been laid these years must have a match put to it before long. Harry is riding away. God knows to what end."

"The Lord prosper the righteous cause, Sir George," says she.

"Amen, with all my heart. You and he speak as Americans; I as an Englishman. Tell him from me, that when any thing in the course of nature shall happen to our mother, I have enough for me and mine in England, and shall resign all our land here in Virginia to him."

"You don't mean that, George?" she cries with brightening eyes. "Well, to be sure, it is but right and fair," she presently added. "Why should you, who are the eldest but by an hour, have everything? a palace and lands in England—the plantation here—the title—and children—and my poor Harry none? But 'tis generous of you all the same—leastways handsome and proper, and I didn't expect it of you: and you don't take after your mother in this, Sir George, that you don't, nohow. Give my love to sister Theo!" And she offers me a cheek to kiss, ere I ride away from her door. With such a woman as Fanny to guide him, how could I hope to make a convert of my brother?

Having met with this poor success in my enterprise, I rode back to our Governor, with whom I agreed that it was time to arm in earnest, and prepare ourselves against the shock that certainly was at hand. He and his whole Court of Officials were not a little agitated and excited; needlessly savage I thought, in their abuse of the wicked Whigs, and loud in their shouts of Old England for ever; but they were all eager for the day when the contending parties could meet hand to hand, and they could have an opportunity of riding those wicked Whigs down. And I left my lord, having received the thanks of His Excellency in Council, and engaged to do my best endeavours to raise a body of men in defence of the Crown. Hence the corps, called afterwards the Westmoreland Defenders, had its rise, of which I had the honour to be appointed Colonel, and which I was to command when it appeared in the field. And that fortunate event must straightway take place, so soon as the county knew that a gentleman of my station and name would take the command of the force. The

announcement was duly made in the Government Gazette, and we filled in our officers readily enough; but the recruits, it must be owned, were slow to come in, and quick to disappear. Nevertheless, friend Hagan eagerly came forward to offer himself as chaplain. Madam Esmond gave us our colours, and progressed about the country engaging volunteers; but the most eager recruiter of all was my good old tutor, little Mr. Dempster, who had been out as a boy on the Jacobite side in Scotland, and who went specially into the Carolinas, among the children of his banished old comrades, who had worn the white cockade of Prince Charles, and whom most of all showed themselves in this contest still loyal to the Crown.

Hal's expedition in search of horses, led him not only so far as the Blue Mountains in our colony, but thence on a long journey to Annapolis and Baltimore; and from Baltimore to Philadelphia, to be sure; where a second General Congress was now sitting, attended by our Virginian gentlemen of the last year. Meanwhile, all the almanacs tell what had happened. Lexington had happened, and the first shots were fired in the war which was to end in the independence of our native country. We still protested of our loyalty to his Majesty; but we stated our determination to die or be free; and some twenty thousand of our loyal petitioners assembled round about Boston with arms in their hands and cannon, to which they had helped themselves out of the government stores. Mr. Arnold had begun that career which was to end so brilliantly, by the daring and burglarious capture of two forts, of which he forced the doors. Three generals from Bond Street, with a large reinforcement were on their way to help Mr. Gage out of his ugly position at Boston. Presently the armies were actually engaged; and our British generals commenced their career of conquest and pacification in the colonies by the glorious blunder of Breed's Hill. Here they fortified themselves, feeling themselves not strong enough for the moment to win any more glorious victories over the rebels; and the two armies lay watching each other whilst Congress was deliberating at Philadelphia who should command the forces of the confederated colonies.

We all know on whom the most fortunate choice of the nation fell. Of the Virginian regiments which marched to join the new General-in-Chief, one was commanded by Henry Esmond Warrington, Esq., late a Captain in his Majesty's service; and by his side rode his little wife, of whose bravery we often subsequently heard. I was glad, for one, that she had quitted Virginia; for, had she remained after her husband's departure, our mother would infallibly have gone over to give her battle; and I was thankful, at least, that that terrific incident of civil war was spared to our family and history.

The rush of our farmers and country-folk was almost all directed towards the new northern army; and our people were not a little flattered at the selection of a Virginian gentleman for the principal command. With a thrill of wrath and fury the provinces heard of the

blood drawn at Lexington; and men yelled denunciations against the cruelty and wantonness of the bloody British invader. The invader was but doing his duty, and was met and resisted by men in arms, who wished to prevent him from helping himself to his own; but people do not stay to weigh their words when they mean to be angry; the Colonists had taken their side; and, with what I own to be a natural spirit and ardour, were determined to have a trial of strength with the braggart domineering mother country. Breed's Hill became a mountain, as it were, which all men of the American Continent might behold, with Liberty, Victory, Glory, on its flaming summit. These dreaded troops could be withstood, then, by farmers and ploughmen. These famous officers could be out-generalled by Doctors, Lawyers, and Civilians! Granted that Britons could conquer all the world;—here were their children who could match and conquer Britons! Indeed, I don't know which of the two deserves the palm, either for bravery or vainglory. We are in the habit of laughing at our French neighbours for boasting, gasconading and so forth; but for a steady self-esteem, and indomitable confidence in our own courage, greatness, magnanimity;—who can compare with Britons, except their children across the Atlantic?

The people round about us took the people's side for the most part in the struggle, and, truth to say, Sir George Warrington found his regiment of Westmoreland Defenders but very thinly manned at the commencement, and woefully diminished in numbers presently, not only after the news of battle from the north, but in consequence of the behaviour of my lord our Governor, whose conduct enraged no one more than his own immediate partisans, and the loyal adherents of the Crown throughout the colony. That he would plant the King's standard, and summon all loyal gentlemen to rally round it, had been a measure agreed in countless meetings, and applauded over thousands of bumpers. I have a pretty good memory, and could mention the name of many a gentleman, now a smug officer of the United States Government, whom I have heard hiccup out a prayer that he might be allowed to perish under the folds of his country's flag; or roar a challenge to the bloody traitors absent with the rebel army. But let bygones be bygones. This, however, is matter of public history, that his lordship, our Governor, a peer of Scotland, the Sovereign's representative in his Old Dominion, who so loudly invited all the lieges to join the King's standard, was the first to put it in his pocket, and fly to his ships out of reach of danger. He would not leave them, save as a pirate at midnight to burn and destroy. Meanwhile, we loyal gentry remained on shore, committed to our cause, and only subject to greater danger in consequence of the weakness and cruelty of him who ought to have been our leader. It was the beginning of June, our orchards and gardens were all blooming with plenty and summer; a week before I had been over at Williamsburg, exchanging compliments with his Excellency, devising plans for future movements by which we should be able to make good head against rebellion, shaking

hands heartily at parting, and *vincere aut mori* the very last words upon all our lips. Our little family was gathered at Richmond, talking over, as we did daily, the prospect of affairs in the north, the quarrels between our own Assembly and his Excellency, by whom they had been afresh convened, when our ghostly Hagan rushes into our parlour, and asks, "Have we heard the news of the Governor?"

"Has he dissolved the Assembly again, and put that scoundrel Patrick Henry in irons?" asks Madam Esmond.

"No such thing! His lordship, with his lady and family have left their palace privately at night. They are on board a man-of-war off York, whence my lord has sent a despatch to the Assembly, begging them to continue their sitting, and announcing that he himself had only quitted his Government House out of fear of the fury of the people."

What was to become of the sheep, now the shepherd had run away? No entreaties could be more pathetic than those of the gentlemen of the House of Assembly, who guaranteed their Governor security if he would but land, and implored him to appear amongst them, if but to pass bills and transact the necessary business. No: the man-of-war was his seat of Government, and my lord desired his House of Commons to wait upon him there. This was erecting the King's standard with a vengeance. Our Governor had left us; our Assembly perforce ruled in his stead; a rabble of people followed the fugitive Viceroy on board his ships. A mob of negroes deserted out of the plantations to join this other deserter. He and his black allies landed here and there in darkness, and emulated the most lawless of our opponents in their alacrity at seizing and burning. He not only invited run-away negroes, but he sent an ambassador to Indians with entreaties to join his standard. When he came on shore it was to burn and destroy: when the people resisted as at Norfolk and Hampton, he retreated and betook himself to his ships again.

Even my mother, after that miserable flight of our chief, was scared at the aspect of affairs, and doubted of the speedy putting down of the rebellion. The arming of the negroes was, in her opinion, the most cowardly blow of all. The loyal gentry were ruined, and robbed, many of them, of their only property. A score of our worst hands deserted from Richmond and Castlewood, and fled to our courageous Governor's fleet; not all of them, though some of them, were slain, and a couple hung by the enemy for plunder and robbery perpetrated whilst with his lordship's precious army. Because her property was wantonly injured, and His Majesty's chief officer an imbecile, would Madam Esmond desert the cause of Royalty and Honour? My good mother was never so prodigiously dignified, and loudly and enthusiastically loyal, as after she heard of our Governor's lamentable defection. The people round about her, though most of them of quite a different way of thinking, listened to her speeches without unkindness. Her oddities were known far and

wide through our province; where, I am afraid, many of the wags amongst our young men were accustomed to smoke her, as the phrase then was, and draw out her stories about the Marquis her father, about the splendour of her family, and so forth. But, along with her oddities, her charities and kindness were remembered, and many a rebel, as she called them, had a sneaking regard for the pompous little Tory lady.

As for the Colonel of the Westmoreland Defenders, though that gentleman's command dwindled utterly away after the outrageous conduct of his chief, yet I escaped from some very serious danger which might have befallen me and mine in consequence of some disputes which I was known to have had with my lord Dunmore. Going on board his ship after he had burnt the stores at Hampton, and issued the proclamation calling the negroes to his standard, I made so free as to remonstrate with him in regard to both measures; I implored him to return to Williamsburg, where hundreds of us, thousands I hoped, would be ready to defend him to the last extremity; and in my remonstrance used terms so free, or rather, as I suspect, indicated my contempt for his conduct so clearly by my behaviour, that his lordship flew into a rage, said I was a —— rebel, like all the rest of them, and ordered me under arrest there on board his own ship. In my quality of militia officer (since the breaking out of the troubles I commonly used a red coat, to show that I wore the King's colour) I begged for a court-martial immediately; and turning round to two officers who had been present during our altercation, desired them to remember all that had passed between his lordship and me. These gentlemen were no doubt of my way of thinking as to the chief's behaviour, and our interview ended in my going ashore unaccompanied by a guard. The story got wind amongst the Whig gentry, and was improved in the telling. I had spoken out my mind manfully to the Governor; no Whig could have uttered sentiments more liberal. When riots took place in Richmond, and of the Loyalists remaining there, many were in peril of life and betook themselves to the ships, my mother's property and house were never endangered, nor her family insulted. We were still at the stage when a reconciliation was fondly thought possible. "Ah! if all the Tories were like you," a distinguished Whig has said to me, "we and the people at home should soon come together again." This of course was before the famous fourth of July, and that Declaration which rendered reconcilement impossible. Afterwards, when parties grew more rancorous, motives much less creditable were assigned for my conduct, and it was said I chose to be a Liberal Tory because I was a cunning fox, and wished to keep my estate whatever way things went. And this I am bound to say is the opinion regarding my humble self which has obtained in very high quarters at home, where a profound regard for my own interest has been supposed not uncommonly to have occasioned my conduct during the late unhappy troubles.

There were two or three persons in the world (for I had not told my mother how I was resolved to cede to my brother all my life interest in our American property) who knew that I had no mercenary motives in regard to the conduct I pursued. It was not worth while to undeceive others; what were life worth, if a man were forced to feel himself *à la piste* of all the calumnies uttered against him? And I do not quite know to this present day, how it happened that my mother that notorious Loyalist, was left for several years quite undisturbed in her house at Castlewood, a stray troop or company of Continentals being occasionally quartered upon her. I do not know for certain I say, how this piece of good fortune happened, though I can give a pretty shrewd guess as to the cause of it. Madam Fanny, after a campaign before Boston, came back to Fanny's Mount, leaving her Colonel. My modest Hal, until the conclusion of the war, would accept no higher rank, believing that in command of a regiment he could be more useful than in charge of a division. Madam Fanny, I say, came back, and it was remarkable after her return how her old asperity towards my mother seemed to be removed, and what an affection she showed for her and all the property. She was great friends with the Governor and some of the most influential gentlemen of the new Assembly:—Madam Esmond was harmless, and for her son's sake, who was bravely battling for his country, her errors should be lightly visited:—I know not how it was, but for years she remained unharmed, except in respect of heavy government requisitions, which of course she had to pay, and it was not until the red coats appeared about our house, that much serious evil came to it.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN WHICH WE BOTH FIGHT AND RUN AWAY.

HAT was the use of a Colonel without a regiment? The Governor and Council who had made such a parade of thanks in endowing me with mine, were away out of sight, skulking on board ships, with an occasional piracy and arson on shore. My lord Dunmore's black allies frightened away those of his own blood; and besides these negroes whom he had summoned round him in arms, we heard that he had sent an envoy among the Indians of the South, and that they were to come down in numbers and tomahawk our people into good behaviour. "And these are to be our allies!" I say to my mother, exchanging ominous looks with her, and remembering, with a ghastly distinctness, that savage whose face glared over mine, and whose knife was at my throat when Florac struck him down on Braddock's Field. We put our house of Castlewood into as good a state of defence as we could devise; but, in truth, it was more of the red men and the blacks than of the rebels we were afraid. I never saw my mother lose courage but once, and then when she was recounting to us the particulars of our father's death in a foray of Indians more than forty years ago. Seeing some figures one night

moving in front of our house, nothing could persuade the good lady but that they were savages, and she sank on her knees crying out, "The Lord have mercy upon us! The Indians—the Indians!"

My Lord's negro allies vanished on board his ships, or where they could find pay and plunder; but the painted heroes from the South never made their appearance, though I own to have looked at my mother's grey head, my wife's brown hair, and our little one's golden ringlets, with a horrible pang of doubt lest these should fall the victims of ruffian war. And it was we who fought with such weapons, and enlisted these allies! But that I *dare* not (so to speak), be setting myself up as interpreter of Providence, and pointing out the special finger of Heaven (as many people are wont to do), I would say our employment of these Indians, and of the German mercenaries, brought their own retribution with them in this war. In the field, where the mercenaries were attacked by the Provincials, they yielded, and it was triumphing over them that so raised the spirit of the Continental army; and the murder of one woman (Miss McCrea) by a half-dozen drunken Indians, did more harm to the Royal cause than the loss of a battle or the destruction of regiments.

Now, the Indian panic over, Madam Esmond's courage returned: and she began to be seriously and not unjustly uneasy, at the danger which I ran myself, and which I brought upon others, by remaining in Virginia.

"What harm can they do me," says she, "a poor woman? If I have one son a colonel without a regiment, I have another with a couple of hundred Continentals behind him in Mr. Washington's camp. If the Royalists come, they will let me off for your sake; if the rebels appear, I shall have Harry's passport. I don't wish, sir, I don't like that your delicate wife, and this dear little baby should be here, and only increase the risk of all of us! We must have them away to Boston or New York. Don't talk about defending me! Who will think of hurting a poor, harmless, old woman? If the rebels come, I shall shelter behind Mrs. Fanny's petticoats, and shall be much safer without you in the house than in it." This she said in part, perhaps, because 'twas reasonable; more so because she would have me and my family out of the danger; and danger or not, for her part felt that she was determined to remain in the land where her father was buried, and she was born. She was living *backwards*, so to speak. She had seen the new generation, and blessed them, and bade them farewell. She belonged to the past, and old days and memories.

While we were debating about the Boston scheme, comes the news that the British have evacuated that luckless city altogether, never having ventured to attack Mr. Washington in his camp at Cambridge, though he lay there for many months without powder at our mercy: but waiting until he procured ammunition, and seized and fortified Dorchester heights, which commanded the town, out of which the whole

British army and colony was obliged to beat a retreat. That the King's troops won the battle at Bunker's Hill, there is no more doubt than that they beat the French at Blenheim; but through the war their chiefs seem constantly to have been afraid of assaulting entrenched Continentals afterwards; else why, from July to March, hesitate to strike an almost defenceless enemy? Why the hesitation at Long Island, when the Continental army was in our hand? Why that astonishing timorousness of Howe before Valley Forge; where the relics of a force starving, sickening, and in rags, could scarcely man the lines, which they held before a great, victorious, and perfectly appointed army?

As the hopes and fears of the contending parties rose and fell, it was curious to mark the altered tone of the partisans of either. When the news came to us in the country of the evacuation of Boston, every little Whig in the neighbourhood made his bow to Madam, and advised her to a speedy submission. She did not carry her loyalty quite so openly as heretofore, and flaunt her flag in the faces of the public, but she never swerved. Every night and morning in private poor Hagan prayed for the Royal Family in our own household, and on Sundays any neighbours were welcome to attend the service, where my mother acted as a very emphatic clerk, and the prayer for the High Court of Parliament under our most religious and gracious King was very stoutly delivered. The brave Hagan was a parson without a living, as I was a Militia Colonel without a regiment. Hagan had continued to pray stoutly for King George in Williamsburg, long after his Excellency our Governor had run away: but on coming to church one Sunday to perform his duty, he found a corporal's guard at the church-door, who told him that the Committee of Safety had put another divine in his place, and he was requested to keep a quiet tongue in his head. He told the men to "lead him before their chiefs," (our honest friend always loved tall words and tragic attitudes); and accordingly was marched through the streets to the Capitol, with a chorus of white and coloured blackguards at the skirts of his gown; and had an interview with Messrs. Henry and the new State officers, and confronted the robbers, as he said, in their den. Of course he was for making an heroic speech before these gentlemen (and was one of many men who perhaps would have no objection to be made martyrs, so that they might be roasted *coram populo*, or tortured in a full house), but Mr. Henry was determined to give him no such chance. After keeping Hagan three or four hours waiting in an ante-room in the company of negroes; when the worthy divine entered the new chief magistrate's room with an undaunted mien, and began a prepared speech with—"Sir, by what authority am I a minister of the——" "Mr. Hagan," says the other, interrupting him, "I am too busy to listen to speeches. And as for King George, he has henceforth no more authority in this country than King Nebuchadnezzar. Mind you that, and hold your tongue, if you please! Stick to King John, sir, and King Macbeth; and if you

will send round your benefit-tickets, all the Assembly shall come and hear you. Did you ever see Mr. Hagan on the boards, when you was in London, General?" And, so saying, Henry turns round upon Mr. Washington's second in command, General Lee, who was now come into Virginia upon State affairs, and our shame-faced good Hagan was bustled out of the room, reddening, and almost crying with shame. After this event we thought that Hagan's ministrations were best confined to us in the country, and removed the worthy pastor from his restive lambs in the city.

The selection of Virginians to the very highest civil and military appointments of the new government bribed and flattered many of our leading people who, otherwise, and but for the outrageous conduct of our government, might have remained faithful to the Crown, and made good head against the rising rebellion. But, although we Loyalists were gagged and muzzled, though the Capitol was in the hands of the Whigs, and our vaunted levies of loyal recruits so many Falstaff's regiments for the most part, the faithful still kept intelligences with one another in the colony, and with our neighbours; and though we did not rise, and though we ran away, and though in examination before committees, justices, and so forth, some of our frightened people gave themselves Republican airs, and vowed perdition to kings and nobles; yet we knew each other pretty well, and—according as the chances were more or less favourable to us, the master more or less hard—we concealed our colours, showed our colours, half showed our colours, or downright apostatised for the nonce, and cried, "Down with King George!" Our negroes bore about, from house to house, all sorts of messages and tokens. Endless underhand plots and schemes were engaged in by those who could not afford the light. The battle over, the neutrals come and join the winning side, and shout as loudly as the patriots. The run-aways are not counted. Will any man tell me that the signers and ardent well-wishers of the Declaration of Independence were not in a minority of the nation, and that the minority did not win? We knew that a part of the defeated army of Massachusets was about to make an important expedition southward; upon the success of which the very greatest hopes were founded; and I, for one, being anxious to make a movement as soon as there was any chance of activity, had put myself in communication with the ex-Governor Martin, of North Carolina, whom I proposed to join, with three or four of our Virginian gentlemen, officers of that notable corps of which we only wanted privates. We made no particular mystery about our departure from Castlewood; the affairs of Congress were not going so well yet that the new government could afford to lay any particular stress or tyranny upon persons of a doubtful way of thinking. Gentlemen's houses were still open; and in our southern fashion we would visit our friends for months at a time. My wife and I, with our infant and a fitting suite of servants, took leave of Madam Esmond on a visit to a neighbouring plantation. We went thence to another

friend's house, and then to another, till finally we reached Wilmington, in North Carolina, which was the point at which we expected to stretch a hand to the succours which were coming to meet us.

Ere our arrival, our brother Carolinian Royalists had shown themselves in some force. Their encounters with the Whigs had been unlucky. The poor Highlanders had been no more fortunate in their present contest in favour of King George, than when they had drawn their swords against him in their own country. We did not reach Wilmington until the end of May, by which time we found Admiral Parker's squadron there, with General Clinton and five British regiments on board, whose object was a descent upon Charlestown.

The General, to whom I immediately made myself known, seeing that my regiment consisted of Lady Warrington, our infant, whom she was nursing, and three negro servants, received us at first with a very grim welcome. But Captain Horner of the Sphinx frigate, who had been on the Jamaica station, and received, like all the rest of the world, many kindnesses from our dear governor there, when he heard that my wife was General Lambert's daughter, eagerly received her on board, and gave up his best cabin to our service; and so we were refugees, too, like my lord Dunmore, having waved our flag, to be sure, and pocketed it, and slipped out at the back door. From Wilmington we bore away quickly to Charlestown, and in the course of the voyage and our delay in the river, previous to our assault on the place, I made some acquaintance with Mr. Clinton, which increased to a further intimacy. It was the King's birthday when we appeared in the river: we determined it was a glorious day for commencement of the expedition.

It did not take place for some days after, and I leave out, purposely, all descriptions of my Penelope parting from her Hector, going forth on this expedition. In the first place, Hector is perfectly well (though a little gouty), nor has any rascal of a Pyrrhus made a prize of his widow: and in times of war and commotion, are not such scenes of woe and terror, and parting, occurring every hour? I can see the gentle face yet over the bulwark, as we descend the ship's side into the boats, and the smile of the infant on her arm. What old stories, to be sure! Captain Miles, having no natural taste for poetry, you have forgot the verses, no doubt, in Mr. Pope's Homer, in which you are described as parting with your heroic father; but your mother often read them to you as a boy, and keeps the gorget I wore on that day somewhere amongst her dressing-boxes now.

My second venture at fighting was no more lucky than my first. We came back to our ships that evening thoroughly beaten. The madcap Lee, whom Clinton had faced at Boston, now met him at Charlestown. Lee and the gallant garrison there, made a brilliant and most successful resistance. The fort on Sullivan's Island, which we attacked, was a nut we could not crack. The fire of all our frigates was not strong enough to pound its shell; the passage by which we moved up to the assault of the place was not fordable, as those officers found—Sir Henry at the head

of them, who was always the first to charge—who attempted to wade it. Death by shot, by drowning, by catching my death of cold, I had braved before I returned to my wife; and our frigate being aground for a time and got off with difficulty, was agreeably cannonaded by the enemy until she got off her bank.

A small incident in the midst of this unlucky struggle was the occasion of a subsequent intimacy which arose between me and Sir Harry Clinton, and bound me to that most gallant officer during the period in which it was my fortune to follow the war. Of his qualifications as a leader there may be many opinions, I fear to say: regarding a man I heartily respect and admire, there ought only to be one. Of his personal bearing and his courage there can be no doubt: he was always eager to show it; and whether at the final charge on Breed's Hill, when at the head of the rallied troops he carried the Continental lines, or here before Sullivan's Fort, or a year later at Fort Washington, when, standard in hand, he swept up the height, and entered the fort at the head of the storming column, Clinton was always foremost in the race of battle, and the King's service knew no more admirable soldier.

We were taking to the water from our boats, with the intention of forcing a column to the fort, through a way which our own guns had rendered practicable, when a shot struck a boat alongside of us, so well aimed, as actually to put three-fourths of the boat's crew *hors de combat*, and knock down the officer steering, and the flag behind him. I could not help crying out, "Bravo! well aimed!" for no ninepins ever went down more helplessly than these poor fellows before the round shot. Then the General, turning round to me, says rather grimly, "Sir, the behaviour of the enemy seems to please you!" "I am pleased, sir," says I, "that my countrymen, yonder, should fight as becomes our nation." We floundered on towards the fort in the midst of the same amiable attentions from small arms and great, until we found the water was up to our breasts and deepening at every step, when we were fain to take to our boats again and pull out of harm's way. Sir Henry waited upon my Lady Warrington on board the Sphinx after this, and was very gracious to her, and mighty facetious regarding the character of the humble writer of the present memoir, whom his Excellency always described as a rebel at heart. I pray my children may live to see or engage in no great revolutions,—such as that, for instance, raging in the country of our miserable French neighbours. Save a very, very few indeed, the actors in those great tragedies do not bear to be scanned too closely; the chiefs are often no better than ranting quacks; the heroes ignoble puppets; the heroines anything but pure. The prize is not always to the brave. In our revolution it certainly did fall, for once and for a wonder, to the most deserving: but who knows his enemies now? His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy where he obtained a trifling mastery; but over Congress; over hunger

and disease; over lukewarm friends, or smiling foes in his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet, and master. When the struggle was over, and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defence before the nation,—what charges and counter-charges were brought; what pretexts of delay were urged; what piteous excuses were put forward that this fleet arrived too late; that that regiment mistook its orders; that these cannon-balls would not fit those guns; and so to the end of the chapter! Here was a general who beat us with *no* shot at times; and no powder; and no money; and *he* never thought of a convention; *his* courage never capitulated! Through all the doubt and darkness, the danger and long tempest of the war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady.

Of course our Charlestown expedition was made the most of, and pronounced a prodigious victory by the enemy, who had learnt (from their parents, perhaps), to cry victory if a corporal's guard were surprised, as loud as if we had won a pitched-battle. Mr. Lee rushed back to New York, the conqueror of conquerors, trumpeting his glory, and by no man received with more eager delight than by the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. It was my dear Lee and my dear General between them, then; and it hath always touched me in the history of our early Revolution to note that simple confidence and admiration with which the General-in-Chief was wont to regard officers under him, who had happened previously to serve with the King's army. So the Mexicans of old looked and wondered when they first saw an armed Spanish horseman! And this mad, flashy baggart (and another Continental general, whose name and whose luck afterwards were sufficiently notorious), you may be sure took advantage of the modesty of the Commander-in-Chief, and advised, and blustered, and sneered, and disobeyed orders; daily presenting fresh obstacles (as if he had not enough otherwise!) in the path over which only Mr. Washington's astonishing endurance could have enabled him to march.

Whilst we were away on our South Carolina expedition, the famous Fourth of July had taken place, and we and the thirteen United States were parted for ever. My own native state of Virginia had also distinguished itself by announcing that all men are equally free; that all power is vested in the people, who have an inalienable right to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government *at pleasure*, and that the idea of an hereditary first magistrate is unnatural and absurd! Our General presented me with this document fresh from Williamsburg, as we were sailing northward by the Virginia capes, and, amidst not a little amusement and laughter, pointed out to me the faith to which, from the Fourth inst., inclusive, I was bound. There was no help for it; I was a Virginian—my godfathers had promised and vowed, in my name, that all men were equally free (including, of course, the race of poor Gumbo), that the idea of a monarchy is absurd, and that I had

the right to alter my form of government *at pleasure.* I thought of Madam Esmond at home, and how she would look when these articles of faith were brought her to subscribe; how would Hagan receive them? He demolished them in a sermon, in which all the logic was on his side, but the U. S. Government has not, somehow, been affected by the discourse; and when he came to touch upon the point that all men being free, therefore Gumbo and Sady, and Nathan, had assuredly a right to go to Congress: "Tut, tut! my good Mr. Hagan," says my mother, "let us hear no more of this nonsense; but leave such wickedness and folly to the rebels!"

By the middle of August we were before New York, whither Mr. Howe had brought his army that had betaken itself to Halifax after its inglorious expulsion from Boston. The American Commander-in-Chief was at New York, and a great battle inevitable; and I looked forward to it with an inexpressible feeling of doubt and anxiety, knowing that my dearest brother and his regiment formed part of the troops whom we must attack, and could not but overpower. Almost the whole of the American army came over to fight on a small island, where every officer on both sides knew that they were to be beaten, and whence they had not a chance of escape. Two frigates, out of a hundred we had placed so as to command the enemy's entrenched camp and point of retreat across East river to New York, would have destroyed every bark in which he sought to fly, and compelled him to lay down his arms on shore. He fought: his hasty levies were utterly overthrown; some of his generals, his best troops, his artillery taken; the remnant huddled into their entrenched camp after their rout, the pursuers entering it with them. The victors were called back; the enemy was then pent up in a corner of the island, and could not escape. "They are at our mercy, and are ours to-morrow," says the gentle General. Not a ship was set to watch the American force; not a sentinel of ours could see a movement in their camp. A whole army crossed under our eyes in one single night to the mainland without the loss of a single man; and General Howe was suffered to remain in command after this feat, and to complete his glories of Long Island and Breed's Hill, at Philadelphia! A friend, to be sure, crossed in the night to say the enemy's army was being ferried over, but he fell upon a picket of Germans: they could not understand him: their commander was boozing or asleep. In the morning, when the spy was brought to some one who could comprehend the American language, the whole Continental force had crossed the East river, and the empire over thirteen colonies had slipped away.

The opinions I had about our chief were by no means uncommon in the army; though, perhaps, wisely kept secret by gentlemen under Mr. Howe's immediate command. Am I more unlucky than other folks, I wonder? or why are my imprudent sayings carried about more than my neighbours'? My rage that such a use was made of such a victory was

no greater than that of scores of gentlemen with the army. Why must my name forsooth be given up to the Commander-in-Chief as that of the most guilty of the grumblers? Personally, General Howe was perfectly brave, amiable, and good-humoured.

"So, Sir George," says he, "you find fault with me, as a military man, because there was a fog after the battle on Long Island, and your friends, the Continentals, gave me the slip! Surely we took and killed enough of them; but there is no satisfying you gentlemen amateurs!" and he turned his back on me; and shrugged his shoulders, and talked to some one else. Amateur I might be, and he the most amiable of men; but if King George had said to him, "Never more be officer of mine," yonder agreeable and pleasant Cassio would most certainly have had his desert.

I soon found how our Chief had come in possession of his information regarding myself. My admirable cousin, Mr. William Esmond,—who of course had forsaken New York and his post, when all the Royal authorities fled out of the place, and Washington occupied it,—returned along with our troops and fleets; and, being a gentleman of good birth and name, and well acquainted with the city, made himself agreeable to the new-comers of the Royal army, the young bloods, merry fellows, and macaronis, by introducing them to play-tables, taverns, and yet worse places, with which the worthy gentleman continued to be familiar in the New World as in the Old. *Cœlum non animum.* However Will had changed his air, or whithersoever he transported his carcase, he carried a rascal in his skin.

I had heard a dozen stories of his sayings regarding my family, and was determined neither to avoid him nor seek him; but to call him to account whensoever we met; and, chancing one day to be at a coffee-house in a friend's company, my worthy kinsman swaggered in with a couple of young lads of the army, whom he found it was his pleasure and profit now to lead into every kind of dissipation. I happened to know one of Mr. Will's young companions, an aide-de-camp of General Clinton's who had been in my close company both at Charlestown, before Sullivan's Island, and in the action of Brooklyn, where our General gloriously led the right wing of the English army. They took a box without noticing us at first, though I heard my name three or four times mentioned by my brawling kinsman, who ended some drunken speech he was making by slapping his fist on the table, and swearing, "By ——, I will do for him, and the bloody rebel, his brother!"

"Ah! Mr. Esmond," says I, coming forward with my hat on. (He looked a little pale behind his punch-bowl.) "I have long wanted to see you, to set some little matters right about which there has been a difference between us."

"And what may those be, sir?" says he, with a volley of oaths.

"You have chosen to cast a doubt upon my courage, and say that I shirked a meeting with you when we were young men. Our relation-

ship and our age ought to prevent us from having recourse to such murderous follies," (Mr. Will started up looking fierce and relieved) "but I give you notice, that though I can afford to overlook lies against myself, if I hear from you a word in disparagement of my brother, Colonel Warrington, of the Continental Army, I will hold you accountable."

"Indeed, gentlemen. Mighty fine, indeed. You take notice of Sir George Warrington's words!" cries Mr. Will over his punch-bowl.

"You have been pleased to say," I continued, growing angry as I spoke, and being a fool therefore for my pains, "that the very estates we hold in this country are not ours, but of right revert to your family!"

"So they are ours! By George, they're ours! I've heard my brother Castlewood say so a score of times!" swears Mr. Will.

"In that case, sir," says I, hotly, "your brother, my lord Castlewood tells no more truth than yourself. We have the titles at home in Virginia. They are registered in the courts there; and if ever I hear one word more of this impertinence, I shall call you to account where no constables will be at hand to interfere!"

"I wonder," cries Will, in a choking voice, "that I don't cut him into twenty thousand pieces as he stands there before me with his confounded yellow face. It was my brother Castlewood won his money—no, it was his brother; d— you, which are you, the rebel or the other? I hate the ugly faces of both of you, and, hick!—if you are for the King, show you are for the King, and drink his health!" and he sank down into his box with a hiccup and a wild laugh, which he repeated a dozen times, with a hundred more oaths and vociferous outcries that I should drink the King's health.

To reason with a creature in this condition, or ask explanations or apologies from him, was absurd. I left Mr. Will to reel to his lodgings under the care of his young friends—who were surprised to find an old toper so suddenly affected and so utterly prostrated by liquor—and limped home to my wife, whom I found happy in possession of a brief letter from Hal, which a countryman had brought in; and who said not a word about the affairs of the Continentals with whom he was engaged, but wrote a couple of pages of rapturous eulogiums upon his brother's behaviour in the field, which my dear Hal was pleased to admire, as he admired everything I said and did.

I rather looked for a messenger from my amiable kinsman in consequence of the speeches which had passed between us the night before, and did not know but that I might be called by Will to make my words good; and when accordingly Mr. Lacy (our companion of the previous evening) made his appearance at an early hour of the forenoon, I was beckoning my lady Warrington to leave us, when, with a laugh and a cry of "O dear no!" Mr. Lacy begged her ladyship not to disturb herself.

"I have seen," says he, "a gentleman who begs to send you his apologies if he uttered a word last night which could offend you."

"What apologies? what words?" asks the anxious wife.

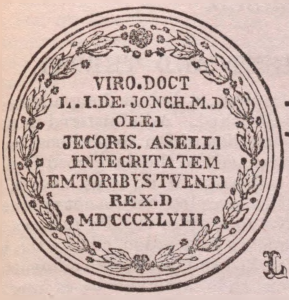
I explained that roaring Will Esmond had met me in a coffee-house on the previous evening, and quarrelled with me, as he had done with hundreds before. "It appears the fellow is constantly abusive, and invariably pleads drunkenness, and apologises the next morning, unless he is caned over-night," remarked Captain Lacy. And my lady, I daresay, makes a little sermon, and asks why we gentlemen will go to idle coffee-houses and run the risk of meeting roaring, roistering Will Esmonds?

Our sojourn in New York was enlivened by a project for burning the city which some ardent patriots entertained and partially executed. Several such schemes were laid in the course of the war, and each one of the principal cities was doomed to fire; though, in the interests of peace and goodwill, I hope it will be remembered that these plans never originated with the cruel government of a tyrant king, but were always proposed by gentlemen on the Continental side, who vowed that, rather than remain under the ignominious despotism of the ruffian of Brunswick, the fairest towns of America should burn. I presume that the sages who were for burning down Boston were not actual proprietors in that place, and the New-York burners might come from other parts of the country—from Philadelphia, or what not. Howbeit, the British spared you, gentlemen, and we pray you give us credit for this act of moderation.

I had not the fortune to be present in the action on the White Plains, being detained by the hurt which I had received at Long Island, and which broke out again and again, and took some time in the healing. The tenderest of nurses watched me through my tedious malady, and was eager for the day when I should doff my militia-coat and return to the quiet English home where Hetty and our good General were tending our children. Indeed I don't know that I have yet forgiven myself for the pains and terrors that I must have caused my poor wife, by keeping her separate from her young ones, and away from her home, because, forsooth, I wished to see a little more of the war then going on. Our grand tour in Europe had been all very well. We had beheld St. Peter's at Rome, and the Bishop thereof; the Dauphiness of France (alas, to think that glorious head should ever have been brought so low!) at Paris; and the rightful King of England at Florence. I had dipt my gout in a half-dozen baths and spas, and played cards in a hundred courts, as my "Travels in Europe" (which I propose to publish after my completion of the History of the American War) will testify.* And, during our peregrinations, my hypochondria diminished (which plagued me wofully at home); and my health and spirits visibly improved. Perhaps it was because she saw the evident benefit I had from excitement and change, that my

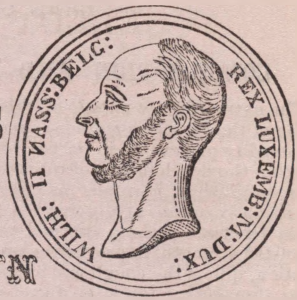
* Neither of these two projected works of Sir George Warrington were brought, as it appears, to a completion.

wife was reconciled to my continuing to enjoy them: and though secretly suffering pangs at being away from her nursery and her eldest boy (for whom she ever has had an absurd infatuation), the dear hypocrite scarce allowed a look of anxiety to appear on her face; encouraged me with smiles; professed herself eager to follow me; asked why it should be a sin in me to covet honour? and, in a word, was ready to stay, to go, to smile, to be sad; to scale mountains, or to go down to the sea in ships; to say that cold was pleasant, heat tolerable, hunger good sport, dirty lodgings delightful; though she is a wretched sailor, very delicate about the little she eats, and an extreme sufferer both of cold and heat. Hence, as I willed to stay on yet awhile on my native continent, she was certain nothing was so good for me: and when I was minded to return home—O, how she brightened, and kissed her infant, and told him how he should see the beautiful gardens at home, and Aunt Theo, and grandpapa, and his sister, and Miles. "Miles!" cries the little parrot, mocking its mother—and crowing; as if there was any mighty privilege in seeing Mr. Miles, forsooth, who was under Doctor Sumner's care at Harrow-on-the-Hill, where, to do the gentleman justice, he showed that he could eat more tarts than any boy in the school, and took most creditable prizes at football and hare-and-hounds.



DR. DE JONGH'S

(*Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium*)



LIGHT-BROWN

COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed by the most eminent medical men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THROAT, GENERAL DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS OF CHILDREN ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.

Dr. de Jongh, an eminent Dutch Physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works recording these investigations have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists of Europe—amongst whom may be enumerated the illustrious Liebig, of the University of Giessin, the renowned Swedish Chemist, Berzelius, and the celebrated Physician, Baron Fouquier, of the University of Paris—Dr. de Jongh has been rewarded by his Majesty Leopold I., the King of the Belgians, with the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty William II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose.

Extensive use upon the Continent for many years has gained for Dr. de Jongh's Oil the highest repute, and professional and general appreciation. Since its introduction into this country it has secured the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the British medical profession, and has obtained, notwithstanding the active and in many instances unscrupulous opposition of interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage.

Dr. de Jongh's elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil: iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in much larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

In taste and odour Dr. de Jongh's Oil is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken by the most delicate invalid or child; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; and does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, and it produces beneficial results and effects a cure in a much shorter period. In innumerable cases Dr. De Jongh's Oil has afforded immediate mitigation of symptoms, arrested disease, and restored health, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered with little or no benefit.

In use it is not so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable Chemists, whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. *This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.*

PRINCIPAL MALADIES IN WHICH DR. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY PRESCRIBED.

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THROAT.

The extraordinary virtues of this medicine in tubercular consumption, a disease long allowed to be one of the *opprobria medicinæ*, may now be considered as fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a perfect cure. In the last stage, it is, at all events, the best palliative means of allaying the urgent symptoms, and even when a complete cure is not produced, it may for years prolong life and render it more supportable. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops or diminishes emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady. Hospital, dispensary, and private practice, all furnish innumerable cases in which the administration of this remedy has been attended with the happiest results To quote the eloquent words of the Rev. C. D. BADHAM, M.D., the gifted author of "Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle:"—

"With what still greater wonder and complacency must every enlightened physician, now-a-days, contemplate that wholly unexpected and invaluable ally which suffering lungs have recently secured from the iatric liver of the cod. *Alere flammam*—to feed common lamps—was, till lately, all it professed to do; but now its vaunt is, *alere vitam*—to replenish the lamp of life when burning low, and threatening to go out. Thousands of cases hitherto most unpromising, have, under its auspices, suddenly changed their aspect, and looked bright: here, a fair girl hastening to decay, had scarcely taken a few doses, when the ominous cough was appeased, she recovered her roses, smiled once more on a reassured family of friends, and went on her way rejoicing; there, a case of graver import, which had whispered death to the inquiring ear, made a stand, rallied, and consumption was, for the time, arrested in mid-course; and again, in patients still further reduced by the blighting malady, the administration of the bland Oil was frequently observed to respite, soften, and assuage sufferings beyond its power to remove. Scepticism, by slow degrees, made way to conviction; and he who, a few years ago, would justly have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now countenanced everywhere by brother practitioners, who have all the same story to tell, till the world at large has become convinced of the fact; and there is now not a village apothecary through the length and breadth of our isle who has not himself witnessed some of the endless beneficent wonders which this penetrating balm, under the Divine blessing, has already worked, and is daily working, among the children of men."

In non-tubercular pulmonary disease, so prevalent, especially among the industrial population, who are exposed to abrupt vicissitudes of heat and cold, and to the mechanical irritation produced in the respiratory organs by the impregnation of the air of mines and manufactories with earthy or metallic particles, or with dust emanating from flax, cotton, or wool, the soothing and reparative action of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil subdues the chronic inflammation of the lungs, and effectually arrests the progress of the malady.

The same beneficial results attend the administration of this Oil in many chronic affections of the throat as in pulmonary diseases. M. CHAMPOUILLON, the celebrated French Physician of the Hospital of Val de Grâce, asserts, from considerable experience, that this Oil is most effectual in curing chronic bronchitis. No remedy so speedily allays, and permanently cures, the distressing irritation which provokes frequent and prolonged coughing. The actual benefit derived is thus conclusively stated by ARTHUR CRIDLAND, Esq., an eminent surgeon in extensive practice at Brighton:—

"The effect of DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil on myself in the latter stage of whooping cough, last winter, was remarkable. I suffered from excessive irritation of the larynx; consequently, I was greatly reduced in strength and appearance, and quite unable to attend to my professional duties. It occurred to me that the Oil which I was frequently prescribing would benefit my own case, and, after taking it a few days, its good effect commenced, and at the end of six weeks I regained my usual health and strength, and had entirely lost the laryngial irritation, which was of a most harassing and fearfully distressing character.

"It is therefore with much pleasure I beg to add my testimony to the excellent results attendant on DR. DE JONGH'S OIL."

GENERAL DEBILITY AND EMACIATION.

To maintain health, or to avert the access or development of disorders to which there is a constitutional predisposition, as well as to impart strength in old age, convalescence, or natural feebleness, DR. DE JONGH'S Oil has been used with the greatest benefit. In cases of prostration and emaciation, produced by long sickness, by exposure to the influence of tropical climates or vicissitudes of temperature, to a cold, humid, or vitiated atmosphere, in fenny and marshy countries, unhealthy manufactories and mines, or where excessive labour, fatigue, bad nourishment, and other hardships, have reduced the vital forces, and where life appeared to be even at its lowest ebb, the reparative and restorative powers of this Oil have been remarkably manifested. According to TAUFFLIEB, BREFELD, CAREY, and other eminent physicians, its action appears to be different from that of the ordinary tonics properly so called, and it has, in consequence, been resorted to with the most beneficial effect after the whole range of these had been in vain exhausted.

By its administration the failing physical powers of advancing age are renewed, the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation improved and regulated, and when its use is steadily persevered in, from its peculiarly nutritious and tonic properties, it swiftly restores flesh to the most emaciated frame, and imparts health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitution. These peculiar characteristics of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil are thus described by HENRY HANKS, Esq., a distinguished London practitioner:—

"The superior efficacy of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil over the Pale Cod Liver Oil has proved, in my experience, unequivocal.

"Patients who have persisted for several months in the use of the latter, with scarcely any perceptible improvement, have, after a brief trial of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, acquired such fatness, and those distressing symptoms accompanying emaciation have so rapidly subsided, that I have been induced to confide in its reputed remedial powers, and, consequently, to advise its substitution for the Pale Cod Liver Oil."

DISORDERS OF INFANCY, CHILDHOOD, AND ADOLESCENCE.

In those severe disorders, infantile wasting, rickets, and mesenteric disease or swelling of the belly, Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil, whether the disease be at its commencement or at its height, will supersede every other means of cure, and will accomplish whatever can be expected or hoped for from any medicine. The learned German Physician Brefeld, gives the following description of its operation:—

"The healing virtue of this Oil in these forms of disease is as incredible as it is unlimited in its effects. Even in the very extremity of life, where the patient appears to be sinking, and death inevitable, it affords relief as a matter of certainty. I know nothing to controvert this, except an intervening attack of acute fever and the termination of life, the death-struggle itself. It moderates slow fever and diarrhœa as well as the other symptoms of rickets, which one after the other are gradually dispersed. It improves digestion and the consequent nourishment of the body; the tumid belly softens and diminishes in size as the wasted extremities begin to recover their rotundity. The old features again become natural and childish; the skin moist and clear; the powers of life are restored; the eyes are again full of life and brightness; the slow fever disappears; the childish gaiety re-establishes itself; with a return of healthy sound sleep, and removal of that anxious nightly starting and shrieking which render the night so wretched to the infant. With the increasing strength the desire and ability to stand and to walk return; and the unnatural state of the bones, both in form and strength, by degrees is corrected.

"As an anthelmintic the Oil is a most excellent adjuvant, by which the worms are dislodged, both mildly and effectually."

In that precarious and distressing state where the child may be sickly and feeble without being actually ill, the surprising efficacy of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is thus described by the distinguished Physician, Dr. Edward Carey:—

"It is in the diseases incidental to childhood that mainly depend on the mal-assimilation of the food in the pale cachectic child, when the anxious practitioner has exhausted the whole range of alteratives and tonics, that this Cod Liver Oil will come in and satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Where the powers of life are low, it affords nourishment to the body when none other can be borne; it furnishes the frame with fat in a truly wonderful manner; and, administered as it is in Holland, to the delicate and puny child, who, though not considered ill, is in that state of impaired health which would favour the development of disease, its extraordinary effects will soon be visible, after having taken it for a short period, by an appearance of health and strength which was before unknown, and which will be accomplished by no other remedy with which we are at present acquainted."

The remedial virtues of Dr. de Jongh's Oil in cases of hereditary weakness or deficient nutrition, the prolific causes of convulsive affections and many fatal disorders of children, are thus recorded in the *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"In badly nourished infants Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is truly astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children like the taste of the Oil, and when it is given them often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

In checking a tendency to consumption and general debility at that age when a too rapid growth in the young renders the constitution fragile, and weakens the powers of assimilation and nutrition, this Oil has been found singularly efficacious. Dr. Pruys van der Hoeven, the eminent Physician of Leyden, states:—

"I have given it to boys whose form of chest, delicate skin, and disposition to catarrh, showed a phthisical habit, and it has, in conjunction with dietetic and gymnastic rules, not only improved the delicate appearance, but has removed the obstinate cough. I have administered it to young people who grow tall exceedingly quickly, and have in all cases found it a most powerful restorative."

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

In these distressing and unsightly complaints, which oftentimes tenaciously resist for years the whole Pharmacopœia of alteratives and tonics, combined with every available ointment and lotion, the curative effects of Dr. de Jongh's Oil, after a few weeks' administration, in the most inveterate cases, have been so remarkable, that this safe and simple remedy is now regarded as a specific in the most prevalent chronic cutaneous affections.

It will be sufficient to quote the following opinion of Thomas Hunt, Esq., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, and the eminent writer on cutaneous disorders, who, in his popular work, "Guide to the Treatment of Diseases of the Skin," observes:—

"If there is any one medicine which is at all to be compared with arsenic in its power over skin diseases, that medicine is the Cod Liver Oil sold in bottles as Dr. de Jongh's Oil. As there is no medicine in the market more grossly adulterated than what is called Cod Liver Oil, I insist upon my patients procuring this article, which I know to be genuine, not only by analysis, but by the invariably satisfactory operation of the medicine in very small doses, in the cases to which it is appropriate. These are chiefly those accompanied with wasting of the flesh, from whatever cause, mal-assimilation, defective nutrition, variable appetite, deficient food, strumous disease, &c. The cutaneous diseases most benefited by the Oil may be cited in the following order—strumous sores, sycosis, lupus, acne, prurigo, lichen, eczema."

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISORDERS

All who have prescribed this Oil have unanimously acknowledged its virtues in every form of scrofula, and bestowed upon it the highest praise, which has secured it the first place amongst anti-scrofulous remedies. It eradicates the first trace of the disease, and prevents its development and formation.

Brefeld says, "There is no remedy which at all approaches its therapeutic properties in scrofulous disease; it is an undoubted powerful medicine, operating in a peculiar specific manner, and affording relief where, to all appearance, and according to former experience, the disorder was beyond the reach of medicine."

Kopp states, "The first time the Cod Liver Oil is prescribed for a scrofulous patient, its favourable effects are soon apparent, and which can only be attributed to its use, frequently acting in a truly wonderful manner. It effects a change in the general appearance; the cachectic colour is lost, the flabby flesh becomes firm, the chain of swollen glands diminish and separate, and ulcers put on a healthy character and heal."

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

The following are selected from some of the leading British medical opinions in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil:—

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

"(Signed) JONATHAN PEREIRA,

"To Dr. de Jongh." "Finsbury Square, London, April 16, 1851.

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.,

Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," *&c. &c.*

"Dr. Granville has used DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as De Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil."

G. H. BARLOW, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Physician to Guy's Hospital, Author of "A MANUAL OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE," *&c. &c.*

"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effects, and believe it to be a pure Oil, well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, &c. &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardize the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes DR. DE JONGH every success in his meritorious undertaking."

C. RADCLYFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "TORQUAY IN ITS MEDICAL ASPECT," *&c. &c.*

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil, for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

RICHARD MOORE LAWRANCE, Esq., M.D.,

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil, and so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

☞ DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL *is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with* DR. DE JONGH'S *stamp and signature, and to these capsules and marks purchasers are earnestly requested to pay particular attention.*

WITHOUT THESE NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.

FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

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IMPORTANT CAUTION.—*The public are solicitously cautioned against intrusive attempts frequently made by apparently respectable but not over-scrupulous Chemists, not satisfied with the legitimate profits of trade, to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as* DR. DE JONGH'S, *or equally efficacious. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to apply directly to* DR. DE JONGH'S *Agents in London, who will enable them to obtain the Oil without any additional charge.*

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12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon do.	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service .	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

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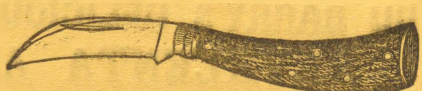

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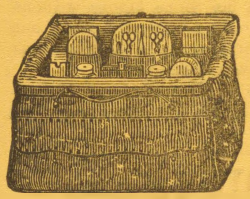

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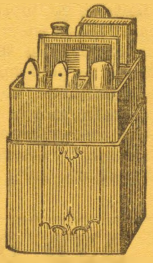

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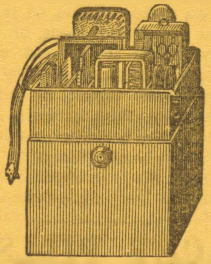

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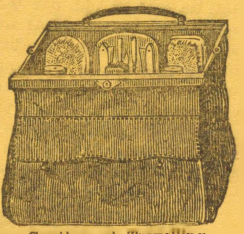

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